

THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON.

TALMAGE'S TOPIC AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel"—His Subject and His Text the Words: "There is None Like that, Give it Me."—The Usual Large Audience.

BROOKLYN, June 28.—It was the expectation of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to preach at Fort Worth, Texas, to-day, but he was unable to reach that city, so preached this evening to the usual large audience at the Tabernacle. His text was I Samuel xxi 9: "There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been in his family for many years, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that, give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is come into the possession of Jesus Christ and of his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only initiate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine and cry: "There is none like that, give it me!"

SCIENCE IS SOMETIMES FAKELY USED.

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. "Wordly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that, give it me." And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendaevista, with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

THE WEAPON OF WORDLY PHILOSOPHY. Wordly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and, if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait," said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country that coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, making the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right over my time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; wordly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time wordly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the wheel of the sea." The Bible right again, wordly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says wordly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity." "Where wast thou," says God, "when I set the foundations of the earth? The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth? Where wast thou when I laid the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in."

GOD IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be sore at all scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper hand in astronomy can dig and the higher up in the armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have hung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night from the observatories of Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that, give it me." I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who art thou? Undone! undone! have mercy, Lord God!"

people that followed him for the most part was no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph, of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Christ? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the board of trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that, give it me!"

BE DOWNHEARTED NO LONGER.

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the leaving of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "Whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind. He is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from him. Come now, and accept his mercy. Behold him as he stretches forth the arms of salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

A Man on Board.

David A. Wasson was returning from England in a sailing vessel. She was a fine, new craft, but had hardly left the wharf before it transpired that she was criminally overloaded with hardware—a most dangerous cargo, from its liability to roll from one side of the ship to the other. To all appearance, the charterers of the vessel had planned for her to be lost at sea, for the sake of the insurance money. The captain had been plied with brandy just before coming on board, and furthermore had been supplied with enough to keep him drunk through the voyage. It was at once clear that all was lost unless he could be sobered and kept sober. Mr. Wasson undertook to do this. He talked with the officer, gradually gained his confidence, and at the right moment boldly demanded the surrender of his jug.

The demand was complied with, the liquor was transferred to Mr. Wasson's room, and the captain became himself. It was none too soon. A terrible storm came on, and all hands would certainly have perished but for the captain's efficiency.

As Mr. Wasson's biographer says, the other passengers—the steerage was full of them—never suspected that they owed their salvation to the very quiet man who seemed not to be one of them.

"He needed not to take command of the ship, for he did better, he commanded the commander." His spirit was well shown during the storm. He took under his care the young women who were exposed to insult in the steerage, but passed most of his time in a diligent study of German. "I knew we were in great danger," he said afterward, "but though I wished to live, my chief feeling for myself, in view of the peril, was an extreme disinclination to drown in such dreadfully cold water. This feeble, childish dread only spurred me to diligence in studying German, in which I made more progress than ever in four days before."

What a contrast between the shrieking, distracted emigrants and this studious Yankee!—Youth's Companion.

What Are the Thoughts of the Dying?

In The Societe de Biologie, Foret affirmed that a dying person in his last moments thinks of the chief events of his life. Persons resuscitated from drowning, epileptics with grand attacks, persons dying and already unconscious, but momentarily brought back to consciousness by ether injections to utter their last thoughts, all acknowledge that their last thoughts revert to momentous events of their life. Such an ether injection revives once more the normal disposition of cerebral activity, already nearly extinguished, and it might be possible at this moment to learn of certain important events of the past life. Brown-Sequard mentions the remarkable fact that persons who, in consequence of grave cerebral affections, have been paralyzed for years, get back at once when dying their sensibility, mobility and intelligence. All such facts clearly show that at the moment of dissolution important changes take place, reacting upon the composition of the blood and the functions of the organs.—Wiener Medizinische Zeitung

A Singular Birth Mark.

A singular freak of nature has presented itself in El Paso. On a recent Sunday Mrs. T. Howard, of that place, witnessed a balloon ascension, and on the succeeding Tuesday presented Mr. Howard with a new little boy, which bears a singular birth mark, which is nothing more nor less than a perfect representation of the balloon. The photograph, as it might be called, is located just above the eyes on the forehead, and every outline of the balloon is boldly portrayed in purple lines in the skin of the infant. Even the patch on the ship can be seen, being reproduced by a patch of white skin. The photograph is perfect. At Howard and wife went to El Paso with the Mexican theatrical company, and are well known to the profession.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN PICTURES.

Our Sunday school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's Christ and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that, give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the

Settling a Matter.

A State street grip train, crowded with passengers, reached Sixteenth street about 6 o'clock Saturday evening, when a very tough looking citizen ran out from the sidewalk and jumped upon the platform of one of the cars, landing heavily upon the foot of the offensive young man who stood up against the box of the car. "Look out, there!" yelled the young man, as his pet corn gave him a twinge. "Wa's de matter wid you?" demanded the bad man, as he turned to size up his victim. "You jumped on my foot," said the little fellow, bravely. "Well, you say much more, an' I'll smash you up in de mouth," snarled the big fellow as he advanced threateningly. "No you won't," said the small man, and he whipped from his overcoat pocket something which he thrust under the nose of the bully. The latter jumped backward from the platform, rolled over in the street and then arose and took to his heels. The passengers on the platform regarded the young man doubtfully, and the conductor ventured to say: "There was no need of your pulling a gun on the man." Then the young man exhibited his weapon. It was a meerschaum pipe case, and it did look like a "gun."—Chicago Herald.

Got His Pay Just the Same.

In 1861 an effort was made to remove the state capital from Augusta to Portland, and on a certain day in February the members of the legislature were invited to visit that city. At that time it was the rule of the legislature to invite the different clergymen of Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner to officiate in rotation as chaplains at the senate and house, in accordance with a printed schedule made out at the first of the session, for which they were to receive \$1.50 for each day's service. On the day referred to it was Bishop Burgess' turn to officiate, and he duly arrived at the capitol, to find it empty.

"What does this mean?" he asked the janitor.

"Didn't you know the legislature had gone to Portland to see about the new state house?"

"Why, no, I knew nothing about it; and I have come from Gardiner this bitter cold morning to officiate at the opening of the house, and was nearly frozen when I reached here."

"Oh, well, you'll get your pay just the same," was the comforting response.—Lewiston Journal.

Benefits of Cycling.

It is said that the tricycle is growing in popularity among the ladies of this country; certainly it ought to do so, as one of the best means of cure for nervous debility, neuralgia, constipation, sleeplessness and numberless ills to which they are peculiarly liable. Dr. Jennings, in his book, lays down a law of moderation. He plainly insists that none but professionals, thoroughly trained, should engage in races. He also finds that the over-trained athlete does not last long, and quotes Hippocrates, who said: "The good condition of the body in athletes is dangerous, leading to the highest degree of pleuritic, and as it cannot remain there or increase, it must decrease." So it is the best not to train. All who use the tricycle for health are warned to resist the tendency to spurt and race. The beginner must go slowly the moment the heart beats fast or he perspires. Six miles an hour is recommended as a good rate of travel. An essential of first importance to the cyclist is that he be dressed properly and completely in flannels. No cotton whatever is to be allowed.—Boston Herald.

Got Him in a Box.

"Did you give that man money?" was asked of a citizen who had just parted with a man who walked with a limp.

"Yes—a quarter."

"He's a chronic leat."

"Well, perhaps."

"But you should discourage such characters."

"Yes, I know; but when a man comes up to you, and calls you colonel, and says he was right behind you when you charged that battery at Antietam, how can you go back on him?"

"But you were not at Antietam."

"No."

"You were not a colonel."

"No."

"You didn't even enlist in the late war."

"No and do you suppose I'm going to own it up for the sake of saving a quarter? Not much! I've got a half dollar for the first man who calls me general."—Detroit Free Press.

This May Be Greek to You.

One of Socrates' pupils one day stood up to read his essay and began, "A poor man who derived a precarious subsistence from the sales of a patent medicine which he manufactured"—when the philosopher snote him across the jaw with a bed slat, exclaiming, "Measureless liar! wilt thou make all Athens think I am conducting a school of journalism?" The pupil wept, as under the rules of the academy he was entitled to do, for the space of a brief while, and then arose to read his amended composition: "A wealthy beggar, who was pastor of a rich and fashionable church with Yale locks on the pews and pass keys for the outer door"—"That," said the philosopher, "sounds something like a composition. Now fix yourself up and show the class how you strike a cotton seed oil man for a chime of bells and a new baptistry."—Bob Burdette.

Suspicious Submission.

A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children who do not die the young are likely to have at times, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him: "When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty today."

The youngster accordingly put up his petitions in the usual form, and then before closing with "Amen" he added:

"And please, God, make me a good boy."

He paused a second and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unabated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!"—Providence Journal.

To Win a Woman.

What Explorer Stanley does not know of Africa's human nature would not make a large or interesting volume. In the depths of a vast forest he came across a withered old hag, the only human being capable of giving the information desired. Finding her childish, surly and non-communicative, he placed the comeliest young native in his command at her side and bade him use all the arts of flattery. The sweet draught had its effect, the dusky youth unloved, and Stanley was soon in possession of the coveted information. Sweet are the uses of flattery.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Pretty Big Difference.

"My dear," said Mr. Thornobony, after listening for half an hour to Mrs. Thornobony's oration on the virtues of getting home a little earlier of nights, "do you know how you differ from one of these patent detective cameras?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, the camera is arranged to shut itself up in three one-hundredths of a second."—Springfield Union.

QUICK MEAL HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE, Leonard Refrigerators, Hot Air Furnaces, Van's Wrought Iron Ranges. RUDGE & MORRIS. 1122 N Street.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT We beg leave to inform our Lincoln patrons and the public in general that our importation of FINE Novelties for Spring and Summer Are now ready for inspection. We have a much larger and finer assortment than ever before. Call and see our latest novelties from London and Paris. Dress Suits a Specialty. GUCKERT & McDONALD, 315 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

LINCOLN'S NEW ART STUDIO A COMPLETE SUCCESS! ELITE STUDIO ONLY GROUND FLOOR STUDIO IN THE CITY. FINE ART WORK. 226 South Eleventh Street. T. W. TOWNSEND, Proprietor.

LINCOLN BRANCH OF Max Meyer & Bro., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in PIANOS and ORGANS. General western agents for the Steinway, Knabe, Chickering, Case, Ernst Gabel, Behr Bros., Newby & Evans, and Sterling. Places marked in plain figures—prices always the lowest for the grade of piano. C. M. HANDS, Manager. 142 North 11th Street.

— THE — MURRAY Omaha's Leading Hotel. Opened Sept. 1, 1882. Finest Hotel in the West. Rates reasonable. Everything new and complete. Prompt service and the best menu in Omaha. Hot and cold water in every room. Office and dining hall on first floor. All modern improvements. Lincolmites always receive a cordial welcome. Call and see us while in Omaha. You can get into the cars at depot and take HARNEY ST., CABLE LINE DIRECT TO THE DOOR. Cor. 14th and Harney. IRA P. HOBBS, Clerk. R. SILLOWAY, Proprietor.

Burlington Route A BEAUTIFULLY UPHOLSTERED RECLINING CHAIR that is the very embodiment of ease and luxury; a friendly game of Whist, a choice volume from the well stocked library, a promenade from car to car (the handsome vestibule excluding all dust, smoke, rain or wind, and thus rendering the promenade a delightful and novel pastime). A sumptuous meal that comes in the nick of time, and "just strikes the spot." The quiet enjoyment of a fragrant Havana in a charmingly decorated and gorgeous smoking apartment, and finally a peaceful sleep in a bed of snowy linen and downy softness. Such is life on the "BURLINGTON" ROUTE. What other line or combination of lines can offer you these advantages? NOT ONE. Please remember this when next you travel. My superior advantages enable me to ticket to and from Europe at the lowest rates and to secure desirable cabins in advance of sailings. The generous patronage accorded me by prominent people of Omaha, Lincoln and other Nebraska cities attest the popularity of this office.

Information of all kinds pertaining to Railroad or Ocean Steamship Tickets promptly answered. G. W. HOLDREGE, Gen'l Mgr., J. FRANCIS, G. P. and T. A., OMAHA, NEB. City Passenger and Ticket Agent, LINCOLN, NEB.